NOT EVERY EXHAUSTED PERSON
IS TIRED OF LIFE.
OVERTHINKING
SELF-DOUBT
FEAR
REGRET
ANALYSIS
WHAT IF?
NOT ENOUGH
WHY?
THE
DARKEST SUN
A NOVELLA
TES

The darkest suns

are those that

shine within.

—The Darkest Sun

The Darkest Sun

Tes

— A novella —

Not every exhausted person
is tired of life.

Some are simply tired of
their own minds.

A Confession

The Darkest Sun follows a passionate thinker whose overwhelming rationality slowly distances him from life itself.

I

There are two minds living inside me.
One of them feels everything too deeply.
The other exists only to question whether those feelings deserve to exist at all.

This is my life.

Or at least the version of it visible from the outside.

I wake up late more often than I should.
I attend classes with just enough attention to appear present.

I sit among people every day without ever truly feeling part of them.

From a distance, I imagine I look normal.

I laugh when conversations require laughter. I complain about assignments alongside everyone else. I walk through crowded corridors pretending the noise around me does not exhaust me.

But most of my life is not lived externally.

It exists inside my head.

Somewhere between the part of me that wants to feel everything and the part that refuses to let anything exist without explanation.

Most of my days pass this way, quiet externally, exhausting internally. I sometimes wonder what it feels like to exist without constantly observing yourself from a distance. To simply live before thinking. Most people seem capable of it.

I notice it during lectures especially. Someone laughs too loudly at a joke that was barely funny. Another person scrolls endlessly through social media while pretending to listen to the professor. A few students speak about their futures with a confidence I cannot understand. Somehow, all of it appears natural to them. Effortless.

Meanwhile, my own mind turns every small moment into interrogation.

Why did that person hesitate before answering?

Why do people fear silence so much?

How many personalities are performed rather than genuine?

The questions arrive endlessly.

Sometimes I think the rational part of my mind is incapable of allowing anything to simply exist. It needs explanation for everything. Emotion becomes psychology. Happiness becomes chemistry. Dreams become unrealistic probability. Even hope is forced onto an operating table until nothing human remains of it.

The worst part is that I am aware of it while it happens. I can feel the emotional

part of me reaching toward life, only for the rational side to quietly pull it back again, as though my own mind does not trust me enough to feel things honestly.

Sometimes I wonder if everyone feels this way and simply hides it better than I do. Perhaps every person moving through these corridors carries a mind quietly at war with itself beneath rehearsed conversations and familiar expressions. Human beings have become remarkably skilled at appearing emotionally intact. Perhaps that is why loneliness feels so crowded.

No one truly moves through life unnoticed. Even strangers leave traces of themselves behind in the routines of others. A familiar face in a hallway. Someone who always chooses the same corner of the classroom. The person who boards the bus at the same stop every morning without ever speaking a word to you.

Human beings become recognizable long before they become important.

And sometimes, without realizing when it happened, recognition slowly turns into attention.

Attention turns into expectation.

Then one morning, absence begins to feel louder than presence ever did.

Her

I think that was what happened to me.

At first, she existed no differently from the countless other people my mind observed and forgot every day. Just another familiar face carried quietly through routine. Someone seated a few rows away on the same bus each morning, surrounded by the same sleepy silence and passing streets.

We had never spoken.

Yet, over time, an unintentional awareness formed between us in the subtle way it sometimes does between strangers who occupy the same spaces

long enough. Occasional eye contact. Brief moments of recognition. The unconscious habit of noticing whether the other person had arrived.

Nothing meaningful had happened between us.

And perhaps that was exactly what unsettled me.

My rational mind could understand attachment when supported by conversation, memory, or emotional closeness. But this felt strangely detached from logic. Quiet. Unexplained.

Somewhere along the repetition of ordinary mornings, I had begun looking for her without meaning to.

There was nothing extraordinary about her gaze.

That was what made it so difficult to explain.

She did not look at me the way people do in films or novels, as though a single glance could instantly transform another person's life. Most of the time, her eyes met mine only briefly before returning to the passing streets outside the bus window or the quiet distractions of her own thoughts.

Yet something about those moments stayed with me longer than they should have.

Perhaps because they felt strangely unguarded.

Most people look at others while still protecting themselves somehow. Their expressions remain filtered, rehearsed, careful not to reveal too much. But her gaze never felt performative. It carried the quiet absence of self-consciousness I had always envied in other people.

And for reasons I still could not explain rationally, my mind became quieter around it.

Not silent.

Just less cruel.

I began noticing small changes within myself afterward. The bus rides no longer felt entirely mechanical. Mornings seemed slightly less exhausting when I knew she would be there. Even my thoughts, usually so eager to dismantle

every feeling before it fully formed, hesitated more often than before.

It frightened me a little.

Because for the first time in a long while, I was not analysing emotion.

I was simply experiencing it.

I never fully understood what I felt for her.

The rational part of my mind searched constantly for explanation. Attachment. Infatuation. Loneliness disguised as affection.

But the other part of me no longer cared enough to define it.

It simply felt calmer when she was there.

And somehow, that felt enough.

But, Why?

Over time, silence itself began feeling familiar between us.

Nothing ever happened.

No conversations. No confessions. No moments dramatic enough to justify the space she had begun occupying inside my mind.

And that was exactly what terrified the rational part of me.

What are you holding onto?

A person you created from fragments?

Can loneliness become so deep that even silence starts feeling intimate?

Do you miss *her*, or merely the version of yourself that exists around her?

The questions grew crueller with time.

The rational mind always searches for weakness inside emotion, because emotion is the only thing capable of making it lose control.

Yet no matter how deeply I questioned what I felt, one truth remained impossible to dismantle:

My world felt unbearably mechanical before her.

It did not after.

Fear

The questions themselves eventually stopped frightening me.

The answers did.

Because beneath all the analysis and endless interrogation, I had already understood what my mind was truly afraid of.

Attachment.

Before her, my life was lonely but controlled. Nothing had the power to disturb me deeply because I never allowed anything close enough to matter.

Then suddenly, the absence of someone I had never even spoken to could change the entire atmosphere of my morning.

That terrified me more than loneliness ever had.

The rational side of my mind responded the only way it knew how.

Anything capable of giving you peace can also take it away.

Yet despite understanding this, some part of me still waited for the bus every morning hoping she would be there.

And perhaps that was the moment I realized I was no longer merely observing life from a distance.

I was finally inside it.

The human mind becomes dangerous when it begins mistaking self-protection for intelligence.

After enough disappointment, emotions stop developing naturally. Attachment is interrupted before it fully forms. The mind convinces itself this is maturity, when in reality it is only fear reorganized into logic.

That was what had begun happening to me.

I no longer experienced feelings naturally. I observed them while they were happening, dissected them in real time, reduced them into patterns before they could leave any permanent mark on me.

But emotion does not disappear simply because it is understood.

True cost

There is a particular kind of suffering that comes from being unable to escape your own awareness. Not loneliness, but something far quieter and far more destructive. The feeling of slowly detaching from life while remaining painfully conscious of it the entire time.

I had spent so long dissecting every emotion before allowing myself to feel it that eventually nothing reached me completely anymore. Happiness felt interrupted before it became real. Peace carried the constant fear of its own disappearance. Attachment felt dangerous long before it had the chance to become sincere.

And somehow, the cruellest part was understanding all of it while it happened, feeling myself drift further away from life in real time while being completely incapable of stopping it.

Perhaps some conflicts never truly end. They simply become quieter with time.

The rational part of me still searches for explanations. The human part still longs to feel without fear. Neither of them wins completely.

Perhaps that is what being human is.

Tomorrow morning, the bus will arrive again.

She will probably be there.

So, will I.

Perhaps consciousness itself was the first wound humanity never learned how to heal.

And still, we continue…